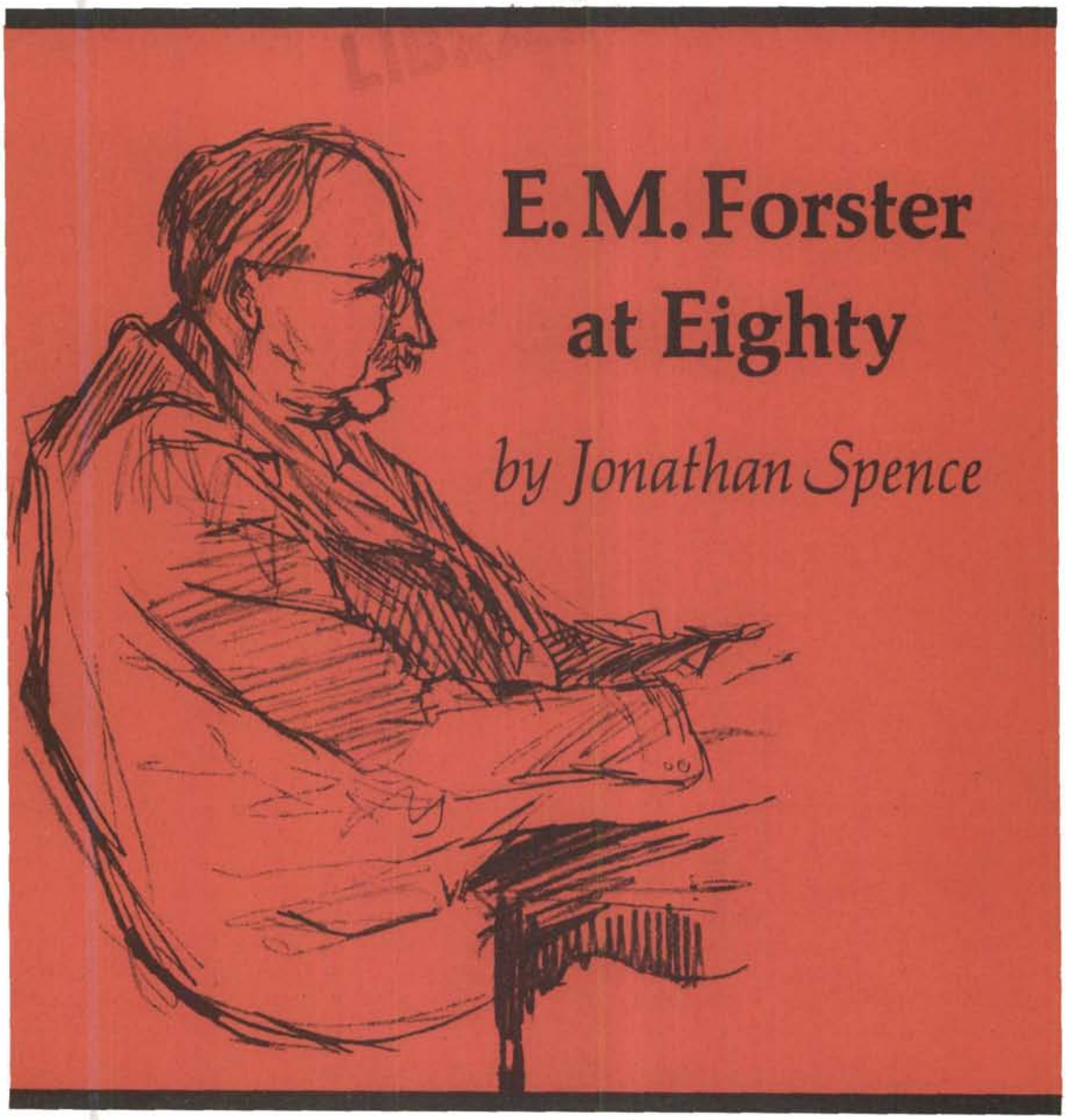
THE NEW REPUBLIC



E. M. Forster at Eighty

by Jonathan Spence

October 5, 1959, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Once In A Century

★ He's left, but it won't ever be quite the same again and who will ever forget those 13 incredible days! I can see him now, acting out in pantomime the can-can dance he saw at Hollywood, giving his heavy posterior a wriggling imitation and roaring with laughter. Or holding the squawking duck against his paunch at the Beltsville Agricultural Station, chuckling with glee. Or solicitously inquiring of the unfortunate Henry Cabot Lodge – whom he used as a straight man for his jokes (after deflating him almost overnight from a Truth Squad into a cloying guide book) – "How is my Capitalist holding up?"

Or I can see those little fat eyes narrowed to angry slits and looking out ruthlessly on us – a competitor nation that might be laughing at him and his peasant origin (you could never be sure!) – or worse still, laughing at Little Mother Russia.

There are other memories of that amazing trip, with 350 reporters and cameramen, twice across the United States; the hurried, perfunctory visit to Roosevelt's grave at Hyde Park where he had no time to eat but came out waving a seeded roll, shouting in gleeful English, "One for the road; one for the road!" (And Mrs. Roosevelt's quiet remark: "No, he was not interested in me. That gentleman is interested only in power.") Or I can see him coming, with Lodge and bodyguards and cameramen, down the aisle of the rolling 14-car special train that carried him up between the blue Pacific and velvet mountains on a spectacular trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco; coming up in his queer walk (half way between an amble and a waddle) in a floating press conference and shaking hands with each newsman . . . and the strong grip of those short, iron fingers.

Oh, well, there is only one story like that in a century I suppose, and we won't have another like it until Chou En-lai comes over. Television and radio coverage reached saturation, and the enormous accompanying press party included gray flannel English correspondents ("Well done, old boy!"), toothy Japanese cameramen (in Tokyo everyone carries a ladder), agile representatives of Paris *Match* and German *Quick*, rough-hewn Russians with a suspicious look, who knew English but wouldn't talk it, and everyone else down to *The Syracuse Herald-Journal*.

When this typewriter is rusted and the writer forgotten, stories will still be told in the National Press Club of the Khrushchev party swinging into the supermarket in San Francisco like a California flash flood that brought a near riot and scenes which even yet I don't believe, though I saw them happen. I watched a cameraman scale a mound of glass coffee jars ("special for the day") which collapsed noisily after a shot or two, with fragments and grounds all over the place. An attendant came up and fussily tried to clean them up with two pieces of cardboard, oblivious of the pandemonium around him. One cameraman rolled on the floor with a butcher, with few to interfere or care. "What did he fight you for?" we asked at the hotel later. "Nothing, nothing at all!" he explained – "I was just standing in his meat."

And whether apochryphal or not, another story expressed the grim humor of the affair – two cameramen stepping over a recumbent woman on the supermarket floor! "She's fainted," said one. "Either that or she's on sale," said the other cameraman.

With Gusto

★ Nikita Khrushchev stands five-feet-five and weighs more than 200 pounds, and at San Francisco the hotel got out a special news release quoting the chef as saying he was on a salt free diet. That means high blood pressure and certain temperamental characteristics of interest to diplomats, just as Mr. K's overweight is presumably of interest to his physicians. He eats with gusto putting his head down close to the plate. And just when you think of him as a comical clown with his peasant origin written all over him he rises to his feet for a speech which, even through the translator, is moving and menacing and compelling. It may be sacrilege to some but I found his frank acknowledgment, as an atheist, of the knowledge of the precepts of Christ, and of his identification of some of them with his own visions for Russia of deep interest. This man, and do not doubt it, believes in his own propaganda.

He Came, He Saw

★ At his press conference, August 12, Eisenhower told rhapsodically of the good things in America he hoped Mr. K would see. He wanted him to see "a free people, doing exactly as they choose." Well, perhaps that is what he saw in the substation of American culture, the 20th Century-Fox Studios at Hollywood where they danced the can-can with its laughable climax, tearing off the little girl's panties. He was to see "our great industrial plants": that was Pearl Mesta's mile-long, non-union Mesta Machine Works in Pittsburgh, busily working while the great Jones & Laughlin and US Steel companies were silent and somber on strike.

Eisenhower wanted him to see "our farmers, each one operating on his own, not regimented." He saw banker-farmer Bob Garst's mile-square corn patch, at Coon Rapids, Iowa, rented to tenant farmers, mechanized into a kind of factory in the field, and turning out subsidized surplus for government storage in the most socialistic example of control the nation offers.

In addition to that, Khrushchev saw Americans, shirt-sleeved ranks of them, standing with sober friendliness, neither hostile nor enthusiastic but curiously taking his measure, as he took theirs. It was good, I think, that he saw them; good that they saw him. He did not beguile them. But at the same time they saw that he did not wear horns. It will never be the same again.

Eisenhower held a press conference after Khrushchev left. He seemed ill at ease. In the vague communique there was no evidence of Soviet concessions. But Eisenhower announced that the conditions that had previously blocked a Summit meeting were now met. Reporters could only wonder if Khrushchev's threats had once more succeeded.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 141 Number 14 Issue 2342 October 5, 1959*
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D.C. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D.C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.* *Copyright ©1959, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.*

Only a Beginning

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Those who observed Mr. Khrushchev and read the speeches and communiques agree that there have been talks, and there will be more talks. But there had been considerable advance talk. Mr. Khrushchev is not a silent man, and the procession of inquiring visitors to Moscow has included Senator Humphrey, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Harriman, Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President Nixon, Eric Johnston, assorted governors and other officials, businessmen, scholars and journalists. To each, the Soviet Premier spoke of Berlin, nuclear testing, Soviet economic and military capabilities, and his desire for peace, trade and cultural exchange. All this information was relayed to the appropriate officials in Washington, as intended – and was carefully studied.

What then did Mr. Khrushchev reveal during his American visit which was not known before?

The answer, in our judgment, is nothing of substance. Upon his return to Moscow, the Soviet leader said that he liked Ike, but if he took home with him a greater respect for American power or a more informed appreciation of American policies that was unrecorded. Indeed, Mr. Khrushchev made it plain that he had not come to be "educated" by the capitalists and those who thought he did misunderstood him and his mission.

Still, there must have been intangible benefits, though their effects on future Soviet diplomacy are impossible to predict. In the President's words, "the most that could be done here is a beginning," and in the Soviet Premier's words, we ought to expect "no sudden change."

There remain some hard facts, however, and to these we turn.

At the United Nations and elsewhere, Mr. Khrushchev restated the Soviet position on a variety of matters. He expressed willingness to talk about Berlin and indicated that he had never meant to threaten anybody (all of which he had said months ago). And although on this subject he and the President found "much in common" (the situation is "abnormal"), he was not prepared to "give a simple answer" and still saw no other way out of the impasse than ratification by the US of peace treaties with both Germanys.

On disarmament – "the most important question" – Mr. Khrushchev offered three separate approaches. His first – comprehensive disarmament within four years – was a revival with refinements of the 1927 appeal of Litvinov, and not unlike the proposal of Czar Alexander I in 1816. (The reaction of Metternich to the latter was that in view of

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"the difficulty always of obtaining any true data from Russia . . . to take the initiative here, uncertain of a reciprocity of confidence, would be impossible.") Mr. Khrushchev's four-year plan has been rightfully written off as a gesture, for the reason that total disarmament presumes a degree of mutual trust – no inspection system being perfect – which does not now exist.

The second set of Soviet proposals concerns European security; none is new, and some deserve more respectful attention than they have been given. Their common purpose is the neutralization of Europe and the end of NATO. NATO is not sacred, and if its demise was counter-balanced by other security guarantees equally reliable, no one would weep. But the danger is that a weakened and fragmented Western Europe would be open to a variety of Russian pressures which it might not be able to withstand. The safety of a neutralized Europe lying between Fortress Russia and Fortress America would be guaranteed only by the American promise to start a thermonuclear war in event of aggression, and so drastic a pledge would not be proof against Communist blackmail. A great majority of US overseas bases, if not all, have already been effectively neutralized by Soviet intermediate-range missiles (unless we strike first, in retaliation against local Soviet aggression). If this weakening of military capacity is carried further by the elimination of nuclear weapons in Europe (as Khrushchev proposes) plus the thinning out of foreign troops in Central Europe prior to further withdrawals from the continent, anyone from Missouri will want to know in advance how the freedom and well-being of America's allies are to be protected.

Policing the Agreements

Mr. Khrushchev's third set of proposals reintroduced the May 10, 1955, Soviet plan for phased disarmament. Its outlines were sketched again in his UN address. The 1955 Soviet package, the contents of which have not been substantially changed, includes across-the-board reductions in armed forces, the discontinuance of all testing of nuclear weapons, agreement not to use these weapons except "for purposes of defense against aggression when an appropriate decision is taken by the [veto-proof] Security Council," and a dismantling of all "military, naval and air bases on the territories of other countries." The unanswered question has always been: who is to police the agreements?

Take the discontinuance of nuclear weapons testing as an illustration. We have here a small slice of disarmament, involving no reduction in weapons but merely an end to their testing. The facts have been thoroughly explored by the best scientific minds. Each side's problem is how to assure that the other is observing its commitment. Negotiations in Geneva have been stuck on three points, all of them relating to inspection: the staffing of monitoring teams, voting procedures to be followed, and an objective standard for determining how often the inspecting staff should be allowed to check on suspected violations.

In his final press conference, Mr. Khrushchev insisted that he had made himself "perfectly clear" on this matter of inspection and control. But that is not so. It is not yet clear whether, when he speaks of control, he means it to apply only to general and total disarmament or to a more modest arms reduction; or whether the control mechanism is to be set up and functioning before or after agreement has been reached on arms reduction or a test ban. The reason for this evasiveness is that the preservation of internal secrecy is still a major Soviet military asset.

Westerners interpret this evasiveness as evidence of untrustworthiness. "If we are willing to open up, why aren't the Russians?" But the Russians give another reason: "We have more secrecy than you. You ask us to give it up before your bombing capabilities are eliminated. Is that because you wish to identify Soviet targets?" This, in part at least, motivated the Russians when in 1946 they turned down the US proposal to outlaw the atomic bomb and place the manufacture of atomic energy under international control and inspection. The fear of giving an advantage to foreign military intelligence was reflected again in the Russians' reaction to the Eisenhower "open-skies" plan.

The West, after all, is already wide open. This country has enterprising newspapers, good maps and aerial photographs, boastful manufacturers, restive allies who must be consulted and kept informed. But accurate maps of the USSR, without which a 5,000-mile missile cannot be accurately aimed, are hard to come by.

Mr. Khrushchev's UN speech did nothing to clarify the ambiguity of the Soviet version of controls. (According to the President, these "technical questions" were not even discussed at Camp David.) The Soviet Premier did say that "there should be initiated a system of control over all disarmament measures which should be created and should function in conformity with the stages by which disarmament should be effected." But here again, the words have to be read in the light of what has gone on during the negotiations for discontinuance of nuclear testing. What is effective control? The USSR has thus far insisted that roughly two-thirds of the ground control staffs should be Russian and only one-third foreign. Furthermore, the Soviet position has been that the number of on-site inspections should be arbitrarily fixed in advance, whereas the US and UK have said that any limitation placed on numbers of on-site inspections must be based on scientific evidence and detection capabilities.

Assuredly, arms have become fantastically dangerous

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and expensive, but nations will give them up only if they are replaced by other guarantees of security. The idea of security relates to what is being secured. What security interests of the US is the Soviet Union prepared to recognize? Is it prepared to recognize that this country has inviolate commitments in Western Europe, as well as in the Western Hemisphere? Conversely, what security interests of its own will the Soviet Union expect the West to recognize? Will it seek a free hand in Eastern Europe, which it may play as it did in Hungary? Will it continue to give military assistance to favored nations and political parties, while promoting "nonintervention" by others? Such questions have a direct bearing on force levels, arms reduction, troop withdrawals and inspection techniques.

Will Others Follow Suit?

Then too, assuming closer collaboration between the US and the USSR in the interests of mutual security, can the two super-powers speak for fourth and fifth powers? It is rumored that General de Gaulle is speeding up his schedule for France's first atomic test. De Gaulle has demonstrated his independence of NATO; what will his attitude be toward a collective ban on testing once France has crashed the nuclear club?

What also of China – a question the President says it seemed "unprofitable to raise" with Mr. Khrushchev? Its military capacity is certain to grow mightily in the next decade. Is Mr. Khrushchev agreeable to stopping delivery of military hardware or atomic know-how to his Chinese allies? Would the Chinese Communists at this stage follow his lead? Is our government ready to discuss disarmament with Peking? How and when, in short, is China to be drawn into the discussion?

In one sense, the absence of detailed information about the Camp David talks is all to the good. The world could do with less public posturing and more secret conversations between heads of state. It is heartening that diplomacy has regained its prominence. But we are a long way from even the beginning to which the President referred. The committee which Mr. Eisenhower recently set up under Charles Coolidge "to discover if we had anything new" to suggest on disarmament is still busy assembling a staff; its report is not expected for some time. No Summit date has been fixed; the President will not visit Moscow until next spring.

All this means that the American elections, like those in Britain next week, will be held in an atmosphere inhospitable to sharp debate over our external relations. It will be awkward to argue the merits of US foreign policy at the very time when negotiations are at high tide and the President has asked for a popular vote of confidence in his role as guardian of the national security and our apostle of peace with honor.

Comrades and Sinners

Embedded in Mr. Khrushchev's total-disarmament proposal lies a message for the underdeveloped countries. Disarmament, he said, would free "the NATO military bloc" to assume a foreign aid burden which, by virtue of present and past sins, falls on the West rather than on the Soviet Union. What the Soviets do to help the underdeveloped countries they do as comrades, but what the West does it does to atone. "We consider," he told the UN,

> "that in the question of economic aid it would not do to place on the same footing those who do not take part, and have never taken part, in the exploitation of former colonial countries and those who continue without any qualms to sap the natural wealth of the underdeveloped countries. It would be legitimate and just for the foreign exploiters to return if only a part of the riches which they have accumulated. . . ."

For the benefit of the Middle Eastern gallery, he noted specifically that "oil and other resources are being plundered . . . taken out for almost nothing in return."

There was applause from the gallery because in many parts of the underdeveloped world where local Communist parties have not pushed their way in, politically speaking, through the front door, the Leninist theory of imperialism has entered through the back. One may go so far as to say that the conception of a monolithic "underdeveloped world" has meaning at all only in the sense that the interpretation first advanced in Lenin's *Imperialism, The Highest Stage of Capitalism* is a common assumption of intellectuals in Karachi or Accra or Havana – most of whom believe in varying measure that a capitalist economy by its nature depends on an unequal relationship in which the underdeveloped economy produces raw materials for and serves as a market for Western (or Western-owned) industrial capacity.

Mr. K picked an appropriate moment to suggest where the onus lies in foreign aid. The day he spoke at the UN, the story broke in New Delhi that the new Soviet credit of $378 million for the Third Five Year Plan beginning in 1961 will be on easier terms. In contrast to past Soviet insistence on the option to take repayment in sterling, which has not helped India's tight foreign exchange position, the new credits will be repayable in Indian commodities at prices fixed according to the world market. At the moment the US is already extending credit on relatively easy terms. The Development Loan Fund accepts repayment in Indian currency (thus avoiding a foreign exchange burden but raising the problem of what to do with accumulations of another government's currency). But Treasury Department officials, worried about the balance of trade shift against

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the US and looking for short-range ways to control the outflow of US capital, are now out gunning for the already-harrassed DLF. Treasury would prefer further limiting capital outflow in the form of aid. But since this is hard to put over, reports Edwin L. Dale, Jr., *New York Times* financial specialist, "the Administration is seriously considering a plan to require that more foreign aid funds be spent on American goods."

Such a plan for tying foreign aid to purchases in the US (which would probably be opposed by the office of State Department economic chief C. Douglas Dillon) would mean that inadequate aid levels would have a still lower real value: aid funds so restricted would go, in most cases, about half as far and in some cases not even that far if spent for high-priced US goods than they would if spent for other free world manufactures. The Treasury approach is, in any case, short-sighted. A positive long-range approach would emphasize, on the one hand, getting the other industrialized countries to end discrimination against dollar goods and to share the aid burden, and, at the same time, to increase US aid as part of an over-all increase in Western aid. For the imbalance of trade is a reflection of our standard of living – and thus of prices – which is rising steadily by comparison with that of other countries. The imbalance can be rectified only as the disparity is narrowed, as other economies develop and as coolie-labor prices become a thing of the past.

Israel in Africa

Throughout West Africa, Israel is busily demonstrating that a nation with few blue chips can nevertheless play a strong and successful diplomatic game.

When the new state of Ghana was established and decided it should have its own fleet to transport raw materials and bring home finished goods, it did not turn for assistance to seafaring Great Britain, the mother country of the Commonwealth, or to other established naval powers. It went instead to Israel – whose merchant marine is only nine months younger than Ghana. As a result, the Black Star Line was launched in December, 1957, and now consists of seven vessels. A private Israeli corporation, Zim Israel Navigation, owns 40 percent of the fleet and is in charge of management and operation for the first five years. An Israeli seaman, David Cohen, no longer plies the waters under his own country's colors but instead captains the Black Star Line. Others of his compatriots are responsible for running the National Nautical College to train merchant marine personnel.

Israeli advisers have carried out surveys on water development for drinking and irrigation. They have aided in reorganizing the Cooperative Bank and in establishing the civil engineering department at the Technical Institute in Kumasi, the second largest city in the country. Urgently needed roads are being built under the supervision of the industrial arm of *Histadrut*. Israeli veterans are training Ghana's flight crews.

Trade union and cooperative farm organizations of the two countries have swapped missions. Training courses by Israelis have been held in Ghana in marketing, port management, building methods, poultry farming and veterinary medicine. For more formal academic work, students from Ghana receive scholarships at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem.

Prior to independence, Ghana's trade with Israel was practically unknown. Yet in 1958 alone Israel had exported to Ghana goods totalling $660,000 and had bought her products in the amount of $290,000 – an exchange facilitated by a $20 million Israeli credit to Ghana. For the current year, exports to Ghana are running more than 100 percent in excess of last year's average shipments; imports show a similar increase.

But Ghana is not the only Black African country in whose development Israel is playing an active part. Without waiting for Nigerian independence to be formally ratified, Israel appointed a vice consul at its Ghana embassy specially charged with developing relations with Nigeria. Here, as elsewhere, the concept of the *kibbutz*, the Israeli cooperative agricultural settlement, has become attractive. Well-placed Africans ask if the *kibbutz* can be adapted to African conditions to modernize out-moded farming methods and provide a disciplined community force. Seminars, exchange visits and training courses are being offered to provide possible answers. Diplomatic and trade exchanges are now commonplace between Israel and the 121-year-old Republic of Liberia. The British crown colony of Sierra Leone, nestled on the coastline between Liberia and Guinea, is making plans for its independence next January and the Ministers of Agriculture, Public Works and Information, accepted an invitation to examine Israel's social and economic institutions.

In all these countries Israel pushes no rigid ideological line on trade and investment. If private firms are considered more suitable for the particular conditions of *laissez-faire* Liberia, government agencies primarily are used in the mixed economy of Ghana. On one point, however, a consistent Israeli pattern is evident: The quality of its representatives is uniformly high.

Why does Israel, a country of less than two million people and beleaguered by hostile neighbors and economic pressures, expend so much human and financial treasure in Black Africa? The answer is both economic and political. Unable to buy or sell from her immediate Arab neighbors, she is gaining markets for her tires, cement, processed foods and other finished goods, and in return obtains raw materials – rubber, petroleum, cocoa and rough diamonds – which she needs for her own domestic consumption and manufacturing.

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Politically, by helping build up the nascent Black African states, Israel is creating natural obstacles to Nasser's attempts at hegemony on the African continent. It is not accidental that at the All-African People's Conference in Accra in December of last year, Egyptian initiatives failed to get Israel labelled as "imperialist," as were France and Great Britain, even though all three countries had teamed up against Egypt.

The Steel Strike

Thirteen weeks is enough. President Eisenhower has finally declared that he is "sick and tired" of the steel strike and will "use every influence – official and personal – to break the impasse." But without invoking the Taft-Hartley law this is going to be harder than usual.

In the past large steel users, notably the auto companies, have hastened the end of steel strikes by the pressure they brought against the steel companies. This time all parties had ample warning of the likelihood of a strike. As a result, the automobile companies and other large companies began to accumulate inventories. The substantial financial resources of the wealthier companies made this easy, though it was far from equally easy for smaller companies. The steelworkers, some of them lukewarm about the walk-out originally, have closed ranks in the face of a more severe threat by the companies than any in recent years. And the steel companies, still in a favorable tactical position, show no signs of yielding.

Yet even the largest inventory vanishes in time. General Motors which laid in only two months' supply of steel (Ford and Chrysler chose to acquire enough for three months), has not denied reports that some of its assembly lines must close in mid-October if the strike continues. General Electric has been hurt by a shortage of sheet steel, an essential item at Appliance Park in Louisville, Kentucky. As a result it has already shut down its home laundry lines and other lines must soon follow. Caterpillar Tractor estimated that September 25 was the practical limit to its full operation. Of the major industries, construction has suffered most. Structural steel shortages have delayed projects all over the country, including many bridges and office buildings.

If the deadlock is not broken in the next week or two, the President will be under great pressure to invoke the Taft-Hartley Act and force workers by injunction to return to the plants for 80 days. While much will depend on the composition of the fact-finding board which the President appoints, the basic anti-union character of the Administration's position could not be clearer. Eighty days of production will relieve the most acute shortages. Nothing in the Taft-Hartley Act compels the companies to accept the recommendations of the fact-finding board. At the end of 80 days – near Christmas – union members may face the unpleasant prospect of going out on strike once more, still burdened by the debts of the first walkout. In short, the invocation of Taft-Hartley in this instance is a strike-breaking measure, whatever gloss is put upon it.

It may be too early to draw many morals from this unhappy series of events. Yet one is inevitable: Collective bargaining demands a willingness to negotiate. When one party fails to demonstrate this willingness in an industry essential to the national safety and welfare, it is no attack upon collective bargaining to use pressure to compel a revision of attitude. The lesson of this strike is the necessity for the establishment of a public hearing board which is empowered to make its own investigation, hold its own hearings, and make its own recommendations. Perhaps when they take thought, the companies wil realize that the probable alternatives to so mild an innovation will be price, profit and wage controls in strategic industries.

Labor Divides

At their convention in San Francisco, leaders of the AFL-CIO were determined to appear united in the face of the steel strike and mounting employer and Congressional attacks on the union movement. Harsh words were flung back and forth between President George Meany and A. Philip Randolph, president of the Pullman Porters, over the slow speed in ending segregation in the unions. But a satisfactory compromise was reached on the hot problem of jurisdictional disputes by agreeing to set up binding arbitration procedures under a panel of outside experts.

The deepest conflicts that are distressing many former CIO leaders, conflicts inherent in the merger, were discussed only in private. They were raised, however, and ways were frankly considered by which the more dynamic industrial unions might bypass the lethargic Federation chain of command.

One way is to create a kind of federation-within-a-federation by expanding the Industrial Union Department, set up to deal with the special problems of unions that operate under contracts made by industry rather than by crafts. The IUD is headed by Walter Reuther and most of its members are from the old CIO. With legislative, research and political action programs of their own the industrial unions could set their own pace independent of the old-line trade groups – without formally dissolving the merger. Frustrations are not yet at a pitch to provoke so drastic a move. But present plans are to clear the way by asking IUD members at their coming November Convention to vote an increase in dues for possible new activities – just in case.

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Back To Brannan

The Brannan Plan for agriculture which Democratic candidates disavowed in droves during the 1950 campaign is about to become politically respectable and will probably find its way into the Democratic National Platform for 1960. At the recent Midwest Conference of Democrats in Kansas City almost the only thing on which the bickering representatives from 14 states agreed unanimously was a demand for such a post-production-payment farm plan. And a committee of the party's National Advisory Council now in formation (with Governor Herschel Loveless of Iowa as chairman) will have the proposal on its agenda.

Another bumper harvest this year and the fact that neither Congress nor the Administration has been able to prescribe an effective remedy for the sickness of surplus have revived interest in the formula devised by President Truman's Secretary of Agriculture 10 years ago. And the fact that, in some respects, economic conditions today parallel those of 1949 gives current appeal. The nation was then piling up massive quantities of butter, cheese, eggs, and sundry other commodities in caves, Liberty ships and government warehouses, and wondering what to do with them. Today the problem is not eggs, butter and cheese but the raw materials of meat – wheat, corn and other feed grains. Enough wheat is on hand to last for two years. Feed grain reserves total an absurd 67 million tons, with millions more soon to be added. And this year's record corn crop was produced despite a 25 million acre land retirement program (the so-called conservation reserve), and despite lowering price support guarantees from $1.36 per bushel for corn (planted in compliance with acreage controls) to $1.12 for any and all corn produced.

The nation could stagger along with an unpopular $7 billion a year program (including a billion dollars spent annually on storage costs alone) and watch our $9 billion stockpile swell to even more preposterous dimensions while federal costs head for the moon. But even if all this money is spent, the livestock industry will be in for trouble over the next year or two because cheap feed is so abundant. The hog and poultry markets are already in poor shape.

Or, following Benson's lead, there could be a return to a virtually free market – and the biggest farm price collapse since 1931. A thoroughly reliable study by Dr. Walter W. Wilcox of the Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress, has concluded that a free market would bring a decline in net farm income of 25-40 percent, with this decline concentrated in the feed grain-livestock sector of the farm economy.

Brannan's plan is the third alternative – to feed grains to livestock, reverse the flow of grain into government warehouses, give the farmer an assured income protection while he steps up his output of meat, and give the housewife bargains at the meat counter for years to come.

"It looks as if we'll have a good corn crop too"

Dr. R. M. Christenson in the first complete analysis of this third method (*The Brannan Plan*, University of Michigan Press, $5, to be published October 9) points out that the mechanics of a modernized Brannan Plan could be simple enough. The government would discontinue supporting the price of feed grains, and plan to rid itself of its excess reserves over a six or seven year period by gradually releasing these stocks to the market – and perhaps in part to an overseas food program. This would lead to sharply reduced prices for feed grains, enabling the farmer to produce more meat at considerably lower cost. But since wholesale prices for meat on the hoof would tend to fall well below the level at which meat animals could be profitably produced, livestock farmers would go broke unless income protection were provided. Here is where a system of direct federal payments (already in effect for wool and sugar beets) would come to the farmer's rescue.

These payments would be adjusted to the level required to bring about the desired increase in livestock, while maintaining producers' income at reasonable levels. One study suggests that a six or seven percent increase in livestock, consuming perhaps 15 to 20 mil-

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lion additional tons of feed grains and wheat annually, would liquidate our excess grain stocks over the next seven years. The cost of direct payments to livestock farmers might be in the neighborhood of $1.5 to $2 billion a year. This is a formidable sum; fortunately, it would be largely cancelled out by the substantially reduced prices the taxpayer (as consumer) would pay for his meat.

Savings which would accrue from terminating current grain price support operations and from disposing of most of the government's grain hoard might also cancel out the cost of income payments to grain farmers who sell their crops on the open market. While most corn is fed on the farm on which it is produced, the cash grain farmers would need income protection since they would be obliged to market their grain at prices below those needed to net them a fair return.

Total costs to taxpayer and consumer, however, would probably be considerably less than at present. Best of all, whereas the current support program only adds to our surplus stockpile, this plan would *use* those surpluses in the national interest by improving the diet of the lower income groups who would largely consume the additional meat produced; and use them without wrecking the farm economy.

Frozen-Fresh Philosophy

The advertising firm of Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan bought the back page of *The New York Times* of September 17 to pay tribute to itself with an essay entitled: "Let's ask Mr. Khrushchev why there's no Madison Avenue in Moscow." Why the question needs to be put, since the copy writer knows the answer like an adman should, is a mystery. There's no Madison Avenue in Moscow because there's no democracy and "advertising is the essence of our democracy." The polling booth and the supermarket go together. For "what could be more democratic than five thousand different products (yes 5,000 products) on those shelves waiting for your choice." A subsidiary theme was that the sales created by advertising in turn create the national wealth, and the conclusion was that "the 50,000 men and women of advertising . . . are proud that we are the driving power that has brought America the highest standard of living in history – and our free choice way of life."

Now, Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan are not madmen. They are simply in a business whose social utility is not easily measured, and so it must be constantly asserted. Saying is what makes it so. Having exhorted people to send flowers or call home on Mother's Day, the adman comes to suspect that he is responsible for the affection that children show their mothers, and maybe for the mothers themselves. This easily leads to the delusion that admen created America's fields and its oil deposits, gave us a versatile climate, cut down the forests and channelled the waters, planted the land, built the factories, and invented the gasoline engine.

But why bring democracy into this? When Nixon and Khrushchev engaged in their famous debate over who has or will have the most and the biggest, they understood one another perfectly. Russia will certainly have its supermarkets soon. And before long Madison Avenue will be sending a mission to Moscow to give the Soviet Minister of Trade some pointers on how to get people to drink more vodka or less vodka, to use the telephone or to stop using electricity.

The versatility of advertising is such that it has an equal chance of working – or failing to work – for anybody – capitalist and Communist, wise man and fool. A jingle is only a tool, and not, as Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan are persuaded, a way of life.

Supermarket Prices

And speaking of supermarkets, the popular image of giant chains fiercely competing against each other for the consumer's food dollar was cracked out of recognition when a federal grand jury indicted 12 chains operating 90 markets in San Diego and Imperial Counties on price-fixing charges. The concerns named handle more than half the area's $125 million food sales and include, in addition to the purely local chain operations, such giants as Safeway Stores, Lucky Stores (which operates the Food Basket Markets in San Diego), Piggly Wiggly and Mayfair Markets. At the arraignment, the association and all 12 member corporations entered pleas of innocent.

Specifically the indictment charges conspiracy by the defendants since 1949 to establish and maintain minimum prices and uniform conditions and terms, including uniform charges for cashing checks in the sale of groceries; to refrain from advertising groceries at less than the minimum prices agreed upon among themselves; and to induce grocers not a party to the agreement to adopt and adhere to the prices and terms agreed upon by the defendants. The operator of a small chain testified, for example, that the association had attempted to coerce him into adopting its minimum price terms by threatening to start a price war to put him out of business.

As a result of the alleged conspiracy, the Justice Department contends that price competition has been eliminated or depressed among the defendants; customers have been saddled with arbitrary charges of $500,000 a year for cashing checks (a uniform fee of 10 cents is charged for each check cashed), artificial and unreasonable prices have been charged for groceries,

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substantially in excess of other areas; and profits for the defendants have been much greater in the San Diego area than in adjacent areas.

A week after the San Diego indictment the Federal Trade Commission in Washington released the results of a nine-month study undertaken in response to complaints of collusive price action, unfair competitive practices and growing concentration of power in the hands of the big chains. The findings show that sales of chains with 11 or more stores increased 118 percent from 1948 to 1958 while the profits of smaller chains and single stores gained only 58 percent; that the large chains' share of the food dollar increased from 29 cents to 37 cents, while the share of the small chains and single stores dropped from 55 cents to 51 cents; that chains with 11 or more stores accounted for 36.4 percent of total food sales in 1957, grossing $18.5 billion (the four leaders – A & P, Safeway, Kroger and American Stores – got 20 percent of this total), and that while in 1939 there were 112,000 grocery stores doing 70 percent of the business, today 40,000 do 70 percent of the business.

Does the consumer benefit by this monopoly trend? The San Diego evidence suggests the opposite.

Lippmann on Opinion

"Last summer while walking in the woods and on the mountains where I live," Walter Lippmann told the National Press Club in Washington last week, "I found myself daydreaming about how I would . . . explain and justify the business of being opinionated and of airing opinions regularly several times a week." It is a daydream of many journalists. However little they know, deadlines have to be met and the conscientious journalist must do more than transmit the "raw news," for without processing, the "raw news" cannot keep the body politic healthy; it cannot satisfy the public's need to understand what is going on. And so the journalist interprets.

It might be thought absurd, Mr. Lippmann admits, that anyone should think he knows enough to write so much about so many things, since no commentator sees the cables which pour into the State Department from every part of the world; he does not attend the staff meetings of the Secretary of State or belong to the National Security Council. Nor does he "have the run of 10 Downing Street," and he certainly does not listen in on the deliberations in the Kremlin.

Why then shouldn't the commentator admit that he is "an outsider and . . . therefore, by definition an ignoramus"? Yet, Lippmann says:

> "formidable as it is, in my daydream I have no trouble in getting the better of this criticism. "You, my dear fellow, I tell the critic, you be careful. If you go on, you will be showing how ridiculous it is that we are a republic and that we live under a democratic system and that anyone should be allowed to vote. You will be denouncing the principle of democracy itself, which asserts that the outsiders shall be sovereign over the insiders. For you will be showing that the people themselves, since they are ignoramuses because they are outsiders, are therefore incapable of governing themselves."

Moreover, isn't it true that even insiders who are at the seat of government are outsiders and ignoramuses?

> "The Secretary of State is allowed to read every American document he is interested in. But how many of them does he read? Even if he reads the American documents, he cannot read the British and the Canadian, the French and the German, the Chinese and the Russian. Yet he has to make decisions in which the stakes may well be peace or war."

And the Congress which reads very few documents has to make decisions too.

"Thus," Mr. Lippmann concludes, "in my daydream I reduce the needler to a condition of sufficient humility about the universal ignorance of mankind," and having done that, the case for the opinionated commentator can be made. For "if the country is to be governed with the consent of the governed, then the governed must arrive at opinions about what their governors want them to consent to." And this they do by reading and listening to journalists whose business is "to infer, to deduce, to imagine and to guess, what is going on inside, and what this meant yesterday, and what it could mean tomorrow."

And what if the journalist guesses wrong? That's the rub in the daydream, for what other asset has a columnist except the reading public's confidence that he is a reliable guide? If the later news knocks down the earlier story, there are two things to be done: distort or suppress the unmanageable piece of news, or in Mr. Lippmann's words, "scrap the theory and the interpretation, which is what liberal, honest men do."

Ubiquitous Common People

It's a little early for this sort of thing but just as a first robin of the political year at hand we offer the following observation by Hamilton County, Ohio, Democratic Chairman John Wiethe at a recent rally in Cincinnati for Governor DiSalle. Chirped Wiethe, "The Democratic Party is the party of the common people in all walks of life."

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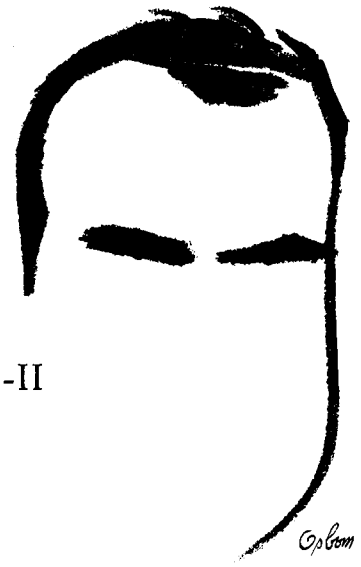

THE FACTS ABOUT NIXON-II

by William Costello

A Fighting Quaker's Youth

Like most Americans Nixon is barely a generation removed from the soil. He has no ties with what passes today for an aristocracy – the first families of banking and corporate wealth. His place in society is his own – the place of a parvenu who by native shrewdness, energy and aggressiveness has been able to make his way into the realm of power manipulation. In the words of his wife, Pat, "We come from typical everyday American families that have had to work for what they got out of life but always knew there was unlimited opportunity. . . . "

It was the Milhous branch of Richard Nixon's family that first put down roots in California. Hannah Milhous Nixon, mother of the Vice President, was born in a towering square frame farmhouse near Butlerville, Indiana, one of a family of seven girls and two boys. In 1897, 10 years after the founding of Whittier as an ideal Quaker colony, Hannah's father, an orchardist, piled furniture, nursery stock and lumber for a new home onto a freight car and crossed the continent to join the new community of Friends in the West.

It was not until 10 years later that Frank Nixon made his way to California. In the years when a good farmhand earned 75 cents a day and his keep, Frank joined the westward tide of migration as a rolling stone and jack-of-all-trades: streetcar motorman, glassworker, potter, painter, potato farmer, sheep rancher in Colorado, telephone linesman, carpenter, and roustabout in the oil fields. Reaching Southern California in 1907 he became a motorman on the old red trolleys linking Los Angeles and Whittier. Although himself a Methodist he settled in the vicinity of Whittier, attracted by the placid well-ordered bearing of the Quaker community. There at a party on February 15, 1908, Frank Nixon met Hannah Milhous; four months and 10 days later they were married.

After his marriage Frank worked briefly as a foreman on his father-in-law's ranch, then tried his hand at an orange grove in the San Joaquin Valley near Lindsay. Moving back to the Southland in 1912, Frank bought a barren hillside 25 miles south of metropolitan Los Angeles at the settlement of Yorba Linda and planted a lemon orchard that was a failure from the start. On the summit of the hill he built a two-story frame house where the future Vice President of the United States was born January 9, 1913.

Despite the failure of the lemon grove, the Nixons remained at Yorba Linda for 10 years. Frank worked at carpentering and various other jobs. Richard was reared in the strict Quaker tradition, for Frank had adopted his wife's profession of faith. All attended church three times on Sunday and every Wednesday

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evening; and when Richard grew old enough, he played the organ at meeting house and taught Sunday school. Card-playing and dancing were forbidden. Richard was remembered as sober, serious and disciplined, even as a child. He walked half a mile to school each day; before and after school he performed the normal chores of a farmer's son; he seldom played. He had a record of perfect attendance as a second-grader, skipped the third grade, and missed but a single day in the fourth grade.

Years later – when oil was discovered under his orchard – Frank Nixon was to learn that Yorba Linda could have made him a millionaire, but in 1922 he sold out and gave up trying to make a living from his lemon grove.

Depression Days

Back in Whittier, after Yorba Linda, the rolling stone came to rest. Frank and Hannah bought a filling station, three miles outside town, one of the first gasoline pumps in the area – a stroke of enterprise that helped greatly to stabilize the family fortunes.

"The house was a simple one," Nixon recalled many years later. But "in the living room was a mahogany upright piano that Mother insisted on having although I was the only one in the family who played it. Next door was the garage with connecting stairs that led to three bedrooms and a bath above the garage. The downstairs bedroom off the living room was where two of my brothers died."

Nixon spent a frugal, hardworking boyhood in Whittier but it was by no means the poverty-stricken household that some have reported.

"My father was fairly successful," Nixon has said. "The filling station was going two or three years when the old Quaker church nearby was put up for sale. My Dad bought it, moved it close to our filling station, and made it into Nixon's market, a country store. If it hadn't been for the expense of my brother's sickness we would have been fairly well off, with the store.

"I remember that my Dad sold half of the acre on which our house was located in order to pay medical bills. My Dad was an individual – he'd go to his grave before he'd take government help. This attitude of his gave us pride. Maybe it was false pride, but we had it."

Richard was the second of five sons. A younger boy, Arthur, died of tubercular meningitis at seven when Richard was in his first year of high school. Soon after that the oldest brother, Harold, suffered a second attack of tuberculosis, which resulted in his death five years later. Those five years were a tragic time for the Nixons. Hannah took her son first to the mountains a hundred miles from Whittier and then, in a desperate effort to find a more beneficent climate, moved him to Prescott, Arizona. There, to help meet the added expense, she ran a nursing home for her son and three other tubercular bed patients.

During the years of Mrs. Nixon's absence, father and sons sold groceries and gasoline and cared for themselves. Meals and housekeeping amenities were sketchy except on Sundays when there was time for a roast. The store stayed open until 9 or 10 o'clock at night, and the boys were expected to carry their share of work. After hours, Richard would sit in the kitchen, beside the gas oven, studying until two or three in the morning.

Those were the depression years, when technological unemployment on a massive scale first appeared as an economic phenomenon, and when schooling took on new value. After Whittier grammar school, Richard entered Fullerton Junior High, transferring to Whittier High for his last two years.

In Richard's junior year, to give him the pocket money he needed and at the same time keep faith with the Quaker philosophy of individual self-sufficiency and personal dignity, his father gave him complete charge of the vegetable counter in the family store. Richard did the buying – driving to the Los Angeles public market before sunrise to bargain with the local produce growers – and hurried back to arrange his displays before leaving for school. All the profit he could make was his, and all he could save went into a college bank account, for he had already taken an interest in studying law.

It was perhaps partly through the Nixon store that young Richard acquired his first interest in public affairs. His father, who died in 1956, was an extroverted personality who suffered from ulcers; a hard-driving, fiery-tempered man with outspoken views on political issues and a taste for vigorous argument. His store, an anachronistic hangover of the vanishing cracker-barrel era, became a neighborhood rendezvous; and although Richard and his brothers learned not to challenge their father in debate, they had the stimulus of the provocative environment he provided.

Richard's shyness in boyhood gave way to a new self-confidence when he acquired what was to be a lifelong interest in debating. From the first he was outstanding. As a Fullerton High sophomore he won the Constitutional Oratorical Contest, and his school yearbook in 1928 praised him as the sophomore representative of West Coast high schools in the National Oratorical Contest. At Whittier High he won the same contest in both his junior and senior years, and as a testimonial to his classroom efforts his diploma bore the gold seal award for scholarship by the California Interscholastic Federation.

His high school debating coach, Mrs. Norman Vincent, remembers she used to feel "disturbed" at his superiority over his team-mates. "He had this ability," she said, "to kind of slide round an argument instead

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of meeting it head on, and he could take any side of a debate."

In his final year at high school, Nixon also ran for and won his first political office – general manager of student body affairs. One of his biographers refers to him even then as a "controversial" member of the student body, one who had definite opinions and expressed them. His Whittier high school principal, O. C. Albertson, recalls, "Dick was a marked man when he transferred to us."

"He was a leader in scholastic and student activities – a self-starter – very popular. I think of Dick as a 'fighting Quaker'."

One other incident that year had special meaning for Nixon's future, at least in an allegorical sense. After graduation he joined his mother and ailing brother in Arizona; and there with characteristic energy he proceeded to get a job. At Prescott's Slippery Gulch Rodeo he put his platform experience to work as the barker for the Wheel of Fortune. *Time* magazine, years later when Nixon was running for the Vice Presidency, was authority for the statement that in his first role as a spieler Nixon's booth "became the most popular in the show," a dubious compliment since it was a come-on for a gambling concession in the back room.

Whittier College and Duke

The years 1930-34 saw Nixon as an undergraduate at Whittier College, a local Quaker institution, majoring in history, covering himself with distinction as a debater, still helping to pay his way by running the fresh vegetable counter at the family store. He seldom went to parties; no one remembers his telling a joke or squandering time on frivolities. He had work and books.

During all four college years he went out doggedly for football and never made the team except as a freshman when only 11 men turned out. He said later, "I got a good seat on the 50-yard line." His coach, Wallace Newman, recalling the weeks that would go by without his playing a minute, said however: "He was wonderful for morale, because he'd sit there and cheer the rest of the guys, and tell them how well they'd played. To sit on the bench for the better part of four seasons isn't easy. I always figure, and especially in the case of Dick, who excelled in everything else, that kids like that have more guts than the first-string heroes."

His frustated football ambition did however give birth to a legend that was to be fondly recalled subsequently by his political enemies. Once in a long while Richard would be permitted to play in the last few minutes, and one of his classmates, who was a linesman, said later: "When Dick went in, I always got out the five-yard penalty marker. Dick was so eager I knew he'd be offside just about every play."

NEXT WEEK: *How Nixon got into politics and his 1946 campaign against Jerry Voorhis*

One of the fields in which Nixon did excel was campus politics. He started by being elected president of the freshman class, and by the time he was a senior he was president of the entire student body.

He had a talent for picking an issue. One such, in his senior year, was the student appeal for permission to hold school dances on the campus. The strict Quaker authorities had always forbidden dancing, "were horrified at the idea" of sanctioning such self-indulgence on school property. Personally, Nixon had little interest. He himself had not learned to dance until he was a sophomore and then not well and never with pleasure. Many years later, when he represented the United States at the 1957 Ghana independence ceremonies, he carried his early Quaker aversion to the point of avoiding dancing with the Duchess of Kent at a state ball in Accra. But, at Whittier, as student president, he used all the arts of debate and argumentation to carry the day; and eventually won over the board of directors by pointing out that college dances were being held anyway "in Los Angeles dens of iniquity."

He was graduated second in Whittier College's class of '34. Harvard might have been his goal – he had been eligible to apply for a Harvard scholarship four years earlier – but Duke University that year was starting its law school; and to establish high academic standards it offered 19 scholarships for its first class of 36 students. Nixon was awarded one of these – a $200 tuition grant; to keep it he had to maintain a B average.

He was a slim, boyish 21 with dark, heavy eyebrows and sparkling eyes, innocent of eccentricities in manner or appearance, when he arrived at Durham, North Carolina, in September, 1934. Those were the waning years of the Great Depression, and Nixon's allowance from his family was $35 a month. That income he supplemented, under a grant from the New Deal's National Youth Administration, by doing research in the law library, at 35c an hour, for Dean H. Claude Horack.

"I couldn't afford the dormitory," Nixon recalled later, "so at first I stayed at a downtown boardinghouse

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with 14 preachers. But I had to move because of the noise."

Early in his first year, Nixon with three other students joined in renting a room in a white ramshackle farmhouse set in the tall pines a mile from the Duke campus. The four shared two double beds in a big, bare room without lights or water and with only an old pot-bellied sheet-iron stove for heat. Nixon's roommates were William R. Perdue who eventually became vice president of the Ethyl Corporation, Fred S. Albrink who rose to a Navy captaincy, and Lyman Brownfield who settled down to a prosperous law practice in Columbus, Ohio.

The virtue of "Whippoorwill Manor," as they called their lodgings, was that the rent was almost nominal – Nixon's recollection later was that they paid $5 a month apiece, but Brownfield set the figure much lower at $50 a year, or $12.50 apiece. Part of the time they took their meals at Mrs. Pierce's boardinghouse, 25 cents for a meal of "strictly home-style cooking, serving and eating." To save money, the four bought secondhand textbooks and purchased some cooperatively. For lack of heat and lights at the rooming house, they did their studying at the law library and took their showers at the gym. For three years, Nixon used his trunk for a closet. The one luxury Nixon allowed himself was politics; as a senior he ran for the presidency of the Duke Bar Association and won.

At their graduation in 1937, Perdue, Brownfield and Nixon headed the class in that order and automatically won election to the Order of the Coif, the national honorary law fraternity. In his choice of career Nixon had first turned hopefully toward New York; there, with two classmates during the 1936 Christmas holidays, he applied for admission to some of the biggest and best-known law firms in the country. When this feeler drew only provisional reply, he turned a speculative eye on the FBI.

One of Richard's lasting friendships at Duke was with Dean Horack, who wrote in a letter of recommendation to J. Edgar Hoover of the FBI: "Mr. Richard Nixon is one of the finest young men . . . I have ever had in my classes. He is a very superior student, alert, aggressive, a fine speaker and one who can do an exceptionally good piece of research when called on to do so."

Hoover in reply promised Nixon an interview and an examination and careful consideration for an appointment, but in a quick shift of plans Nixon decided against the FBI and chose instead to practice law in his home state. To qualify he took a summer cram course for the California examinations. He was one of the 46 percent that passed, and on November 9, 1937, he was sworn in as a member of the bar at San Francisco. Immediately afterward he joined the firm of Wingert and Bewley, in the Bank of America building, in Whittier.

Tom Bewley, head of Wingert and Bewley, besides running his private practice was city attorney; and his aim was to groom his new associate as a trial lawyer and assistant city attorney. "We had a few drunks, some parking problems, traffic stuff," Bewley recalled. "That was the type of case Dick handled. He also worked with members of the council, drafting ordinances and the like. He was thorough. He bored right to the heart of a question. And he had courtroom psychology. He could talk so that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, or he could take hold of a cantankerous witness and shake him like a dog."

The Practice of Law

In the practice of law, Nixon was successful enough to set up a makeshift branch – a desk in a real estate office – in the neighboring community of La Habra; and the advent of new food-processing techniques encouraged him to try a business venture. With a group of associates who raised $10,000 in capital, Nixon became president and attorney for the Citra-Frost Company, whose object was to market surplus oranges in the form of frozen juice. For lack of a suitable container – and research facilities for its development – that attempt at meeting a payroll collapsed after 18 months.

In Bewley's recollection his junior partner never relaxed except now and then to go to a football game. Nixon never went to lunch "just for fun." He used to work early and late; at mealtimes he was "always making a speech or conferring with a client." His law office secretary said: "He was always sending me out for pineapple malts and hamburgers. He just about lived on them; although Mexican food was his favorite."

In his spare time Nixon served as a trustee of Whittier College and president of the college alumni association; became an active member of the Twenty-Thirty Club, a kind of junior chamber of commerce; a Sunday-school teacher, and an actor in a little theater group.

In the winter of 1938, then 25, he met Thelma Catherine "Pat" Ryan, a pretty, red-headed, temperamental teacher of commercial subjects at the local high school. The origin of their romance has already become encrusted with apocrypha. According to one version, the director of the little theater group needed an amateur actor to play district attorney in a murder mystery, *The Dark Tower*, and called Nixon in for the role. Pat Nixon's story has somewhat more sentimental overtones. In this version, Nixon learned that Pat was playing the second romantic lead in the play, hurried to the first rehearsal, tried out for the part opposite her – and got it.

"On our first date he told me he was going to marry me," said Pat, thus lending verisimilitude to her account, "but I wasn't ready to settle down."

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It was not, in truth, a whirlwind courtship, for they went together more than two years before they were married, June 21, 1940, in a Quaker ceremony at the Mission Inn. Pat's reluctance to "settle down" too quickly was not implausible. She had been born in the bleak copper-mining town of Ely, Nevada, March 16, 1912; her Irish father, a hard-rock miner, had worked his way westward from Connecticut, and finally settled during her childhood on a small farm near Artesia, a town some 18 miles from Los Angeles.

Both parents died by the time she was 17, and after finishing school she went to work in a bank in Artesia to earn money to complete her schooling. In 1930 she broke off at the bank to drive some elderly family friends back to Connecticut; and, once in the East, found work in the X-ray laboratory of a hospital near New York. To improve herself, she took a summer course in radiology at Columbia University in 1932, and the following year took her savings westward to enter the University of Southern California.

At USC, from 1933 to 1937, she graded papers and worked part time at a department store; even played walk-on parts in two movies, *Becky Sharp* and *Small Town Girl*. She studied merchandising and qualified for a teacher's certificate, and when she met her future husband she was teaching shorthand and typing in Whittier. Except for the innocent escapism of the play-acting world in which she met Richard Nixon, there had been little but drudgery in her life; no less of the hard realities for her than for him, and yet along with the spring-steel resoluteness of her character, she remained friendly and unassuming.

She was still working and their marriage was less than six months old when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor and they were caught up in the turbulence of a world at war.

Wartime Service

The first break in the quiet pattern of their lives came when Nixon left Whittier for Washington to offer his services to the government. That was a moment when the Office of Price Administration was overwhelmed with the problem of creating a rationing system; hundreds of lawyers were needed to draft regulations and handle rulings. Nixon applied to the offices of the associate general counsel of OPA, Professor Thomas I. Emerson of Yale University law school, and was hired on the spot.

One of his supervisors, Professor Jacob Buescher, said that Nixon in taking the job insisted on receiving the lowest possible salary on the ground "that the boys who were then being trained to hit the beaches were paid a lot less."

Nixon began government work on his 29th birthday. He was assigned to the section handling coordination of rubber rationing regulations, won a raise from $3,200 to $4,600 a year, but spent an unhappy seven months in the bureaucracy. He found people in the department "more liberal and left-wing than his thinking," according to J. Paull Marshall, who occupied the next desk and shared his Republican sympathies. Nixon himself has been quoted as saying about his OPA experience: "I learned respect for the thousands of hard-working government employees and an equal contempt for most of the political appointees at the top. I saw government overlapping and government empire-building at first hand."

In the spring of 1942, Nixon applied for a Navy commission, disregarding the fact that he could easily have claimed exemption from active service as a Quaker and a conscientious objector. His commission came through in late summer, and on September 2 as a lieutenant, jg, he was sent to Quonset, Rhode Island, for training. Although he put in for sea duty, his first post was at an unfinished naval air base at Ottumwa, Iowa, where he served as aide to the executive officer. It was a long way from the front, but Nixon the politician took it in stride, welcoming the opportunity to add a new geographical area to his previous knowledge of the West and South.

On his next application for sea duty, six months later, Nixon was more successful, and in May, 1943, leaving his wife working for OPA as a price analyst, first in Washington and later in San Francisco, he shipped out to the South Pacific as operations officer with the South Pacific Combat Air Transport Command (SCAT). Except for one period on Bougainville, where the area was under bombardment for 28 nights out of 30, Nixon's unit was stationed for the most part on the outer fringes of the combat zone. His outfit consisted of a dozen or more enlisted men, besides radio operators and base service personnel. Their job was to land on a beach, equipped principally with hand tools, and hack out of the jungle a landing strip suitable for DC-3s.

One of his wartime buddies, Edward J. McCaffrey of Concord, Massachusetts, recalls him as a self-reliant young commanding officer (by that time he was a full lieutenant), and a tireless worker. "He made an awful lot of sense. He had no more rank than most of us . . . but he commanded a lot of respect from the guys with whom he came in contact. When things got a bit hectic, he never lost his head. No matter how badly things got fouled up Nick got his part of the operation straightened out and he did it without a lot of hullabaloo."

On Green Island he insured his popularity not only with his own unit but also with transient flight crews by opening "Nixon's Snack Shack," the only hamburger stand in the South Pacific. Mysteriously in the middle of the jungle, tired pilots found free coffee, fruit juice and sandwiches materializing alongside the strip. For his own men Nixon at one point also set up an informal school where he gave talks on business law.

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On his own behalf, to fill the long empty hours, Nixon turned from the mores of his Quaker background and addressed himself to the art of poker. Lester Wroble, a Chicago businessman who served with him, said Nixon would play poker for hours, his face like a rock, and "a hundred Navy officers will tell you that Nix never lost a cent at poker." The money he won at the poker table was to prove instrumental later in launching him on his political career.

As the beachheads moved away from the South Pacific and as the early logistical shortages were overcome, Nixon's unit was dismantled and reassigned. Toward the end of 1944 he found himself back at Fleet Air Wing 8, Alameda, California, and subsequently on special orders at the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics at Washington. There, as a lieutenant commander on the Navy's legal staff, he was assigned to one of the teams renegotiating and terminating contracts in New York and Baltimore with such aircraft firms as Glen L. Martin.

The Quaker Legacy

One unresolved and pertinent question relating to Nixon's formative years is the part that the Quaker faith ultimately assumed in conditioning his moral posture. During his boyhood Quakerism exerted a powerful influence. His great-grandmother and his great-great-grandmother on his mother's side were well-known itinerant Quaker preachers. His mother hoped at one time that Richard too might become a preacher.

Even at Duke law school Captain Albrink remembers that Nixon on Sundays went regularly to Quaker meetings in nearby Raleigh or attended chapel at the university. At his graduation from Duke, Nixon's grandmother, then in her eighties, crossed the continent with his mother and brother to attend the exercises. The nature of the grandmother's influence bespeaks itself in Albrink's recollection that she still used the Quaker plain speech, "thee" and "thou," and there is on record a tender, respectful Christmas letter that Richard addressed to her only a few months earlier, alluding to her as an "illustrious" and "remarkable" person.

"My grandmother set the standards for the whole family," he recalled. "She was always taking care of every tramp that came along the road, just like my own mother. She had strong feelings about pacifism and very strong feelings on civil liberties. She probably affected me in that respect. At her house no servant ever ate at a separate table. They always ate with the family. There were Negroes, Indians and people from Mexico – she always was taking somebody in. . . . She had a big house on the boulevard and every year at Christmas and usually once during the summer we had a family reunion. She kept the family together through the years."

Nixon himself has had little to say about his religious views; he believes "in keeping my own counsel about personal matters." At Denver in 1952, he told John T. Alexander of the *Kansas City Star* that one thing he did not believe in was "wearing my religion on my sleeve." Still it is relevant that, although Quakerism may remain the wellspring of his beliefs, his personal code of behavior no longer reflects the orthodoxy of his forebears. At college he pleaded the case for dancing; in war he took up arms; in the service he took up cards.

In the 1950 Senatorial campaign, in an allusion to the Korean War and the need for strong, continuing defenses, Nixon argued for his brand of "fighting Quakerism," saying: "It is not easy for me to take this position. It happens that I am a Quaker; all my training has been against displays of strength and recourse to arms. But I have learned through hard experience that, where you are confronted with a ruthless, dictatorial force that will stop at nothing to destroy you, it is necessary to defend yourself by building your own strength."

His political career and the innuendo-laden style of his campaigning have raised further questions about his ethical dedication to Quakerism. Although his English teacher at Whittier College described him as a "typical American Quaker," one of his schoolmates, lawyer Merton G. Wray, confessed an inability to reconcile "his massive retaliation policy in politics and as a public official with what I understand of the Quaker philosophy and of their fellowship of reconciliation."

Richard Rovere, weighing the moral values implicit in the 1952 Checkers speech, found it fantastic that one of the Quaker faith should have made a claim to virtue on his own behalf on the ground that his wife wore, not mink, but a "respectable Republican cloth coat." Rovere concluded: "He may aspire to the grace and nobility of Quakerism, but if so he has yet to comprehend the core of the faith."

Although he took an active church role in Whittier before the war, teaching Sunday school while he practiced law there, Nixon has not attended meeting or been recorded as a member of the Friends Meeting House in the capital since moving to Washington. When he made public his income tax returns in 1952, he showed church deductions of $55 in 1949, of $40 in 1950, and of $50 in 1951, all to the East Whittier Friends Church.

No one could presume to infer in so quick a catalogue of change whether it reflects a gradual evolution of religious thought or merely a plastic adaptation to the behavioral pattern of his generation.

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E. M. Forster at Eighty

by Jonathan Spence

"The man, as he should be, is alive and with a tendency to smile."
– Hemingway

E. M. Forster's scale of values is apparently so simple and so attractive that it is in constant danger of over-simplification or misrepresentation. In the popular mind he is associated comfortably with liberalism, humanism and belief in personal relations; he maintains a sympathetic if distant interest in progressive movements; he continues to speak up for tolerance, courage and gaiety; he is the sort of courteous author whom Holden Caulfield would want to call up on the telephone. These general impressions Forster in person does nothing to qualify. In recent interviews he has appeared genial, worried, amusing; he has chatted about his characters as charmingly as if they were people whom he had just met at a cocktail party, but he has remained silent about their wider implications. The reason for this reticence may be his modesty and engaging self-depreciation or his lifelong dislike of talking big; but a more likely explanation is to be found in his remarks on the limitations of the novel as a vehicle of truth. He is capable of irreverence towards other novelists' technical feats, as with Gide, of whose *The Counterfeiters* he writes: "He is indeed a little more solemn than an author should be about the whole caboodle." In *Aspects of the Novel* there are light but deprecatory remarks about "this low atavistic form"; he writes that "always, at the back of my mind, there lurks a reservation about this prophetic stuff," and both he and Rickie Elliott hanker after the perfection music can bring.

The various articles that appeared on Forster's eightieth birthday – January 1, 1959 – underlined these ambiguities. It was apparent that Forster was generally regarded as the greatest living English novelist, although it was agreed that his last major work was *A Passage to India* which appeared in 1924 and that there had been no major work before that date. It was also agreed that Forster's reputation did not rest on *A Passage to India* alone, nor on the five novels he wrote between 1905 and 1924 taken as a group, nor even on the sum total of his novels, essays, biographies and broadcasts. His greatness seemed to be diffused, to be a combination of gentleness, toughness, reticence and longevity. *The Manchester Guardian* captioned his birthday photograph "an author of a gentle distinction," then exclaimed in a leading article, "How mistaken are those who have summed him up as a gentle!" *The Times* leader held that he had "attained a triumph by setting an example" and recommended its readers to cultivate "a view of the world so guarded and so warm." V. S. Pritchett in *The New Statesman* wrote that "Forster has interposed and influenced by a misleading slackness, by the refusal to speak in a public voice. This has given the personal a startling strength."

In Cambridge, Forster has found a place in which these varied attributes can flourish comfortably. In 1941 he described it as "the place which I have loved for 40 years, and where I have made my best friends" and three years later, when his home was destroyed by bombs, he came to live there permanently. As an honorary fellow of King's College, Forster is able to combine privacy and public life to the degree that most suits him. His life in Cambridge is full and vigorous, lived out among the fellows and the undergraduates. During a birthday interview on television he called Cambridge "a place for the very young and the very old" and he has also written, "I never detect any essential difference between myself and younger people. I know more than they do, they are quicker in the uptake than I am and remember what they do know better. But here is nothing essential."

He is president of the Cambridge Humanists, a predominantly undergraduate society which holds discussions and lectures on various aspects of contemporary humanism and on legal, religious and sociological questions; he often attends meetings of the Majlis (a society for Indian undergraduates), he supports his college music society and gives readings of his works there, and sometimes appears at outside meetings – he spoke at the first big anti-H-bomb rally in the Union Debating Chamber. He seems to derive equal enjoyment from formal college functions or from the shambling parties to which undergraduates invite him.

★

I met Forster for the first time after an exchange of letters, but after that there was never any suggestion of formality in our acquaintanceship, which developed gradually through scrawled notes inviting me to drop by, to a drink, to lunch to meet somebody. People always seemed to be dropping by. They knocked, sat, talked and drifted away. One day, he said, several clerks dropped into his room with copies of his books to be signed. "I asked the first one if he had read any of my books; he said he hadn't. I asked the others, and none of them had either. They were very polite, and I signed the books and they went away. They came from London, I think. Strange, very strange." The incident was dismissed, but the clerks lingered with a thousand other people who also made one smile. Forster talks easily and quietly over the whole range of life's happenings about which one can talk easily and quietly, and over a further range besides. He loves the ridiculous or the unlikely in people and situations. He asks sudden, awkward questions, and expects an answer: "Is your mind working well? Not academically but your real mind. Are you having good ideas?" He makes surprising off-key statements: "People saying 'Shall we get drunk or go to a

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brothel?' I think that's the most terrible remark I've heard." One day when the talk was on a new history of Fascist Italy he wandered off to get a picture from his scrap-book which he said would interest us: it was the photo of Mussolini and his mistress, dead, swinging upside down from a tree.

Last year, to mark the 50 years that had passed since the publication of his third novel, *A Room with a View*, Forster wrote an article for *The Observer* entitled *A View without a Room*. Here he traced the fortunes of the Emerson family, whom the public had last seen happily married in 1908. In the First World War, Forster told us, during which George Emerson was a conscientious objector, old Mr. Emerson died, "still looking out and confident that Love and Truth would see humanity through in the end." The young Emersons were unable to find "a real home – somewhere in the country where they could take root and unobtrusively found a dynasty"; in the Second World War their flat was destroyed by bombs and they were left "no sense of direction, no indication which way the world was likely to drift, or when it would congeal." After the war George tried in vain to find the house in Florence (so carefully described in the early novel) where he and Lucy had stayed. For him, as for Forster, only the view remained. But "it was something to have retained a View, and secure in it and in their love as long as they have one another to love, George and Lucy await the Third World War – the one that would end war and everything else too." In Cambridge Forster is able to retain his view; it is home for him now, he can meet the people he wants to meet and need not worry too much about the others.

★

But in the past Forster's chattiness and deprecation did not prevent his engagement with the largest issues, any more than his university interests do now:

> "Though I am not an optimist, I cannot agree with Sophocles that it were better never to have been born. And although, like Horace, I see no evidence that each batch of births is superior to the last, I leave the field open for the more complacent view. This is such a difficult time to live in, one cannot help getting gloomy and also a bit rattled, and perhaps short-sighted."

This is the Forster of 1939; he is the same man as the novelist of 1924 but there has been a shift of emphasis, and lest such quiet perplexities should blur us we must remember the tremendous spiritual arrogance behind the phrase "poor little talkative Christianity." In his novels Forster displayed a deep moral preoccupation, a feeling of crusade against crucial enemies, an intensity of feeling and confidence in his own rightness; in face of his apparent self-disparagement it is necessary to emphasize that his achievement in the five novels was something more difficult and more momentous than he would have us believe.

In Forster's earliest work his later ideas and themes are present, but the issues are simplified, the author's preferences and prejudices are clear and the characters are neatly marshalled. In the most effective of the short stories, *The Road to Colonus* and *The Machine Stops*, as in *Where Angels Fear to Tread* and *A Room with a View*, nearly every character can be typed by a quotation. There are changes, Philip "undergoes conversion," Lucy "enters the army of the benighted" and is rescued, but on the whole, as George Emerson remarks, "men fall into two classes – those who forget views and those who remember them even in small rooms." The battle is between those of broadness of vision and those without, between those who understand nature and those incapable of so doing, between those who see life whole and those whose lives are bounded by "petty unselfishness." Southern sun and vitality meet and triumph over northern fog and hypocrisy in a world in which "a Gothic statue implies celibacy just as a Greek statue implies fruition." For such a simple statement of the problem a simple solution is adequate and this, with much humor and technical skill, Forster supplies.

But in *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End* this same neatness of solution is retained, while Forster's treatment of his characters and their predicament has developed in breadth and complexity. His description of (and attitude towards) the benighted remains constant, as he has summarized it in a much quoted passage from *Abinger Harvest:*

> "And they go forth into a world that is not entirely composed of public-school men or even of Anglo-Saxons, but of men who are as various as the sands of the sea; into a world of whose richness and subtlety they have no conception. They go forth into it with well-developed bodies, fairly developed minds, and undeveloped hearts. . . . An undeveloped heart – not a cold one. The difference is important."

Herbert Pembroke, Agnes and the Wilcoxes are at home here, but for their opponents a simple denial is no longer sufficient. Rickie not only has to fight against absorption into the values of Sawston; he has to face the consequences of his own gentle confusion. Warned against trying to love everyone equally, he is still unable to distinguish reality in people or their actions; and even after escape from Sawston he cannot see clearly and is let down once again. He takes death when it comes "wearily," losing the world without gaining his own soul. *The Longest*

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Journey shows Forster's development in two ways: his realization that a balanced life on this earth is not the simple triumph of white over black as he at first pictured it, that the problem is not one of good and evil but of "good-and-evil"; and a growing understanding of the novelist's ability as a commentator to place the character in a wider context, using underlying rhythms and "echoes," a process reaching perfection in *A Passage to India.*

★

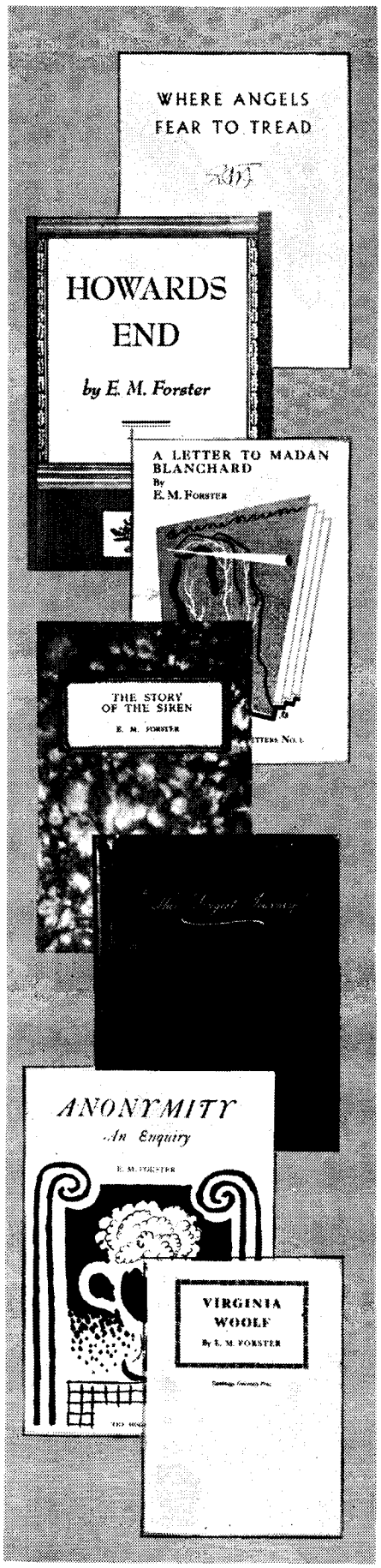
On a different level it is this technique that Forster uses to achieve his humorous effects. His characters very rarely make funny remarks or get into ludicrous situations; the humor comes from Forster's comments on their thoughts and actions: "Then [Stephen] went to harness the horse, while Mr. Pembroke, watching his broad back, desired to bury a knife in it. The desire passed, partly because it was unclerical, partly because he had no knife, and partly because he soon blurred over what had happened." This quotation reminds one that Forster has the talent that he ascribes to Virginia Woolf: "though most of us like to write sometimes seriously and sometimes in fun, few of us can so manage the two impulses that they speed each other up, as hers did." For the second idea is straight comedy, but the first is a caustic comment on Pembroke's pompous and hypocritical attitude to life, while the third is a crucial view of Forster's which he further ebphasizes in *Howards End:*

> "The anodyne of muddledom, by which most men blur and blend their mistakes, never passed Leonard's lips –
>
> And if I drink oblivion of a day
> So shorten I the stature of my soul.
>
> It is a hard saying, and a hard man wrote it, but it lies at the foot of all character."

The Longest Journey ends with the withdrawal of Stephen into a world of nature in which he can be sure of his own values. Nature for Forster is no longer an ideal from the Mediterranean world, but is specifically identified with the countryside of England, with the Roman Rings and the hills of Wiltshire, with the earth on which Stephen sleeps with his child while the whistle of Herbert Pembroke's train fades into the distance, *Howards End* is also concerned with England and, allegorically, with the struggle of different classes for its soil. Forster is grappling with a social and a class problem, he is assessing the worth of England's civilization and accumulated traditions and manners. But as Stephen's entry into his heritage seems an inadequate compensation for the sufferings of Rickie and the stupidity of Pembroke, so the final scene of *Howards End,* (when Margaret tells Henry that "nothing has been done wrong," and the child of Leonard and Helen plays in the meadow), seems too neat. Even if the study of Schlegels and Wilcoxes, their inter-relation, the confrontation of "a civilization of luggage" with "a civilization that won't be a movement because it will rest on the earth" are wonderfully handled, is there here a realization of Margaret's desire to "connect the prose and the passion" or an assurance that Helen's "panic and emptiness" may not return? Should not the Schlegels come to terms with the world within the world itself, living out their values in continued conflict?

And if as Rex Warner says, "it is fair to say that the book's value is in the definition rather than in the solution of a problem," there is a further criticism – that Forster is limited by his social and intellectual ties; and his brilliance within the range of his experience accentuates the fact that he is not equipped to deal either with material privation or with class suffering. It is not merely that ironically "we are not concerned with the very poor. They are unthinkable, and only to be approached by the statistician or the poet," but that Leonard Bast who stands just above this gulf is not convincingly realized; and that Forster's voice is here the voice he attributes to Ruskin: "full of high purpose, full of beauty, full even of sympathy and the love of men, yet somehow eluding all that was actual and insistent in Leonard's life. For it was the voice of one who had never been dirty or hungry, and had not guessed successfully what dirt and hunger are."

In *Howards End* Forster attempts a reconciliation between the "inner life," and "the world of telegrams and anger" whose panic and emptiness is sensed behind its bustle and decision. In *A Passage to India* he re-examines his values in a context of universal signifi-



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cance and extent. As James McConkey says in *The Novels of E. M. Forster*, this novel is the expression of a double vision, a human reality and a transcendent world. Forster's position is mediatory between the two realms, attempting to reconcile them; his characteristic tone of voice is one of compassion and love purchased at the cost of detachment, withdrawal and abnegation of individual desire. Thus McConkey sees in Godbole, the mystic, the final expression of Forster's "prophetic voice"; Godbole who is aware of his spiritual unity with the wasp and Mrs. Moore, who says: "Good and evil are different as their names imply. But, in my own humble opinion, they are both of them aspects of my Lord. He is present in the one, absent in the other, and the difference between presence and absence is great, as great as my feeble mind can grasp. Yet absence implies presence, absence is not non-existence, and we are therefore entitled to repeat, 'Come, come, come, come'." *A Passage to India* is Forster's last novel because in it he has put down all he can know; as Peter Burra writes echoing Forster's own words, "the organism, being perfectly adjusted, is silent."

But McConkey in fact emphasizes only one segment of Forster's vision, and the greatness of *A Passage to India* lies in the novelist's comprehensiveness, his awareness of the delicate gradations within the English and Indian societies, and of the complexity of levels between the human and the transcendent common to both. Between the void of weariness and meaninglessness which Mrs. Moore enters, in which "everything exists, nothing has value" – the negative vision which is nightmare – and the mystical vision of Godbole which is harmony, falls the decent and prosaic world of Adela and Ronny, Fielding and Aziz, in which a measure of stability can be and is sustained, despite the inevitable failures of communication and transient disasters. It is of this latter world that Forster says in *What I Believe*, "not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will Man shut up Force into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily." The possibilities of failure here Forster has often admitted. In *A Passage to India* he shows most clearly the possibilities of a measured success, of an existence in which life may remain a mystery but need not be a muddle, where we may perhaps perceive "the horror of the universe and its smallness" without losing a sense of its harmony and its sanity, or of the reality of those things we have learnt to value. We may gain a "sense of deities reconciled" as in the other novels, but now with an added grandeur; because the deities are larger and more powerful than we had suspected and yet their reconciliation, though arduous and dangerous, is not beyond man's power.

It is Forster's greatest vision. That it could be shared by others lies at the root of his reputation today; that the world had changed too far and too fast for him may explain why, for 35 years, he has been mainly content to reiterate those simple values of conduct to which

Broadway Harlequin

At dawn behind a cigar
Shining like the morning star,
In a checkered suit stands Charley Quinn
Who dined last night on aspirin,

On aspirin and black coffee.
His eyes glitter like *eau de Vichy*,
Behind his back his hands,
Balanced on his toes he stands

Across the street from Lindy's,
Dreaming of Miami, of the Indies.
(Upstairs, Columbine in underclothes
Is taking powder from her nose.)

Scaramouche has parked the Edsel
Approaches eating pretzel.
Charley smiles on him like Buddha
(Now dreaming of Bermuda).

His stomach like a mandolin,
Picked by a diamond pin,
Salutes the rising sun.
Scaramouche bets on oh-oh-one.

And saunter down to Forty-fourth.
The blackened eyes of movie doors
Blink in the sun. They nod to Chloris,
They nod to her in chorus,

Greet sandwich-boarded Leander,
On his stilts Clitander
The beggar Damis, the cop Pierrot.
(Columbine's mirror—and her hero—

Answers "Beauty" to her charade,
Says it louder with the pomade.)
Charley's belly strums its serenade.
He orders pizza and cherryade,

While marquees that never rhyme
Comment on their pantomime.
So ends the harlequinade.

IRVING FELDMAN

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he had been the first to give coherent form. In March, 1959, he wrote in a letter:

"The point that I have blessed progressive movements from a convenient distance is a fair one. As for the ends of *The Longest Journey* and *Howards End* they are certainly unsatisfactory, but perhaps were less so at the time. Then the English countryside, its reality, and creative retreat into it, were more plausible than they are today. Events have damaged my stock-in-trade as a novelist in this direction as they have in another: the existence, in an established home, of the family. I don't fret over the changes in the world I grew up in. But I can't handle them. I would write atomically if I could."

THEATER

Sir John at a Standstill

Sir John Gielgud is now one of the most accomplished actors in the world, and if his Benedick does not strain his talents in any audacious manner, it is always resourceful, intelligent, and invigorating. As we might expect, the delight of this performance is in the sound of it. Although Gielgud's lugubrious and apparently imbecile features are really astonishingly flexible and expressive, his true genius lies in his voice-box, and Benedick materializes primarily through inflections, pauses, and sudden shifts of emphasis. Gielgud, unlike Olivier, is not a character actor, but he will make subtle alterations in the pitch and pace of his delivery. For Benedick, he has adopted a husky singing tone which he projects with great assurance and warmth. In his colloquies with Beatrice, he detonates the wit and lets it crackle, and his soliloquies are lush plums lobbed with precision into the laps of the audience.

Much Ado About Nothing
by William Shakespeare
(Lunt-Fontanne Theater)

Gielgud envisions Benedick, quite accurately, as a Hotspur stripped of his spleen – a plain-dealing Elizabethan soldier good-humoredly contemptuous of the holiday terms of love and the soft amusements of peace. Like his descendant John Tanner, the joke on Benedick is that he is an immovable object flattened by an irresistible Life Force, and Gielgud takes great care to emphasize the character's flint-like qualities. When he plants himself in a corner of the stage, places one leg solidly before the other, and rocks slightly from limb to limb for a purchase, he is the very portrait of martial stability: one can almost feel the armor weighing on his back. In consequence, though, the figure he offers, while immensely pleasing to listen to, is essentially stationary and inert. As a physical presence, Gielgud is rooted to the earth. His Benedick may be a skillful conversationalist, but he is a slow runner and a bad dancer. One begins to fear for his safety in the threatened duel with Claudio.

I mention this because some of Benedick's heaviness seems to have infected almost every other character in the play. Under Gielgud's direction, the production huffs and puffs, lunges and limps, and sometimes runs completely out of wind. Benedick and Beatrice are, of course, a witty and delightful pair, but, although they may be the most memorable characters in *Much Ado About Nothing*, they figure only in a subplot which comprises about a third of the play. When they are not on stage – which is fairly often – the play bogs down into a tedium not always attributable to the writing. The plain fact is that, even though Gielgud has surrounded himself with competent per-

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formers, his show is clumsy and old-fashioned in a manner highly reminiscent of a production by an actor-manager's repertory. The company's acting is well-spoken but uninspired, the staging is ponderous, and the crowd scenes are strangely agglutinated as if the actors had been drenched with mucilage and were sticking together. The lack of fluidity in the staging is only aggravated by the physical production: the cardboard cut-out sets are built too far forward, forcing the actors into a constricted playing area, while the costumes are of such outlandishly bright and clashing colors that they make the stage as runny as an Action painting.

This has little effect on the comic characters, who are intentionally earthbound anyway, but an actress like Margaret Leighton is chafing visibly under the physical constraints that Gielgud has imposed. Years of being type-cast as a neurotic woman have hitherto obscured the extraordinary range of this remarkable performer, but her Beatrice, totally free of nervous mannerisms, is, in conception, probably the most sensitive performance of the evening. Akin more to Orlando's Rosalind than Petruchio's Kate, she can combine opposing qualities like warmth and sharpness, skepticism and astonishment, passion and innocence, skittishness and surrender, in a way that makes her one of the few Beatrices in memory not to emerge as an unbearable shrew. Yet, of all the performances in the play, hers has been designed to *move*. Imprisoned within the static staging, Miss Leighton has not been fully able to realize her excellent concept of Beatrice as an amiable gadfly with Benedick as her pivotal prey.

The major problem seems to be that Gielgud as a director has followed his instinct as an actor – to let the play stand still and speak for itself. Possibly appropriate for a lyrical and atmospheric work like *Twelfth Night*, this approach is intrinsically unworkable here. For, unlike most of Shakespeare's plays, *Much Ado* is not especially compelling in its characters, language, or atmosphere; and as for plot, the vacuous Claudio-Hero action is an ironic illustration of the play's title. In structure, on the other hand, the play leaps and prances. Revolving around intrigues, strategems, and contrivances – all of them designed to prevent or hasten marriage – *Much Ado* is a carefully organized round dance of repetitions and parallel situations. Inhabited by mobile eavesdroppers and chatterers, carried along by significant entrances and exits, brimming with anticipated actions, the play is designed not for postures and elocution but for glitter and flow, and this can be achieved only through imaginative stage movement.

The play, in fact, is almost a ballet, which Shakespeare indicates by frequently identifying love and marriage with the dance. Beatrice, born at the moment "a star danced," equates "wooing, wedding and repeating" with "a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque pace"; the waiting woman, Margaret, asks God to "match me with a good dancer"; Benedick calls for a "dance ere we are married"; Hero is wooed in a dance; Benedick and Beatrice match wits in one; the play ends in a dance; and even the grotesque action of Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch can be conceived as a comic ballet. If the play is not almost danced, it is not really played, and all the beautiful speech in the world cannot make it a unified whole rather than an alternating series of brilliant and torpid scenes.

The question, then, is whether Gielgud, for all his splendid equipment as an actor, is qualified to direct this performance, and the answer is probably no. His unique gifts are so intensely personal that perhaps they are incommunicable – I would doubt if he can extract from another actor much more than a strong sense of how he himself might play the actor's role. One comes away from the Lunt-Fontanne full of admiration for the two principal players, happy to have heard the work, and relieved that it has not been set (as is the fashion with American directors) in the Far West or the Near East. Yet, for all the genius, intelligence and care which has been lavished on it, this is a production which glows only fitfully; even Gielgud's fierce lightning cannot spark the evening into a steady flame.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Jonathan Spence studied history at Cambridge, where he knew E. M. Forster. Irving Feldman is on the English faculty of Kenyon College.

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Correspondence

Advice and Dissent

Sirs:

It has been asserted in recent months that the enormous success of *Dr. Zhivago* signifies a yearning of the American people for moral affirmation. Much as I should like to, I have not been able to persuade myself that there is any solid truth in this contention. It is not too much of a stretch to suggest that were it not for the notoriety attending its publication, Pasternak's masterpiece would have been no more likely to have a popular success than *The Divine Comedy* were Dante's massive poem to appear for the first time at this juncture – and for similar reasons. On this point, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, even the publishers seem to agree.

The place of *Dr. Zhivago* on the best-seller lists has now been taken by Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent*. I am glad that Mr. O'Donovan's review in *The New Republic* (Sept. 14) was no more than tepid for I find the book deeply shocking, and I cannot understand why the reviewers have made nothing of its implications.

Advise and Consent is at once a poorly executed novel, because it lacks credible motivation for its main action, and a genuine libel upon American democracy as it is practiced in the national government. On the first point, it seems only necessary to point out that no good reason is ever offered for nominating Robert Leffingwell to be Secretary of State. He is a former Chairman of the Federal Power Commission and has been for a few months Director of the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization. It is never even suggested that he is qualified by any kind of experience to be Secretary of State. We are simply told of his willingness to try some new tack with the Russians. Yet the whole government is represented as being torn to pieces because the President has nominated him and insists upon his being confirmed by the Senate. Even Thomas Hardy could make a plot hinge on more probable causes than this.

But the moral aspect of the novel is far more serious. We are told that the President is a good President, a strong President, perhaps a great President. We are asked to sympathize with him as he bears the enormous burdens of his office. But this President is represented as making use of personal blackmail of the most vulgar kind, driving a decent man to kill himself, because the man, Senator Anderson, opposes the nomination of Leffingwell. Why does Senator Anderson oppose Leffingwell? Because he discovers conclusive evidence that Leffingwell is a liar. At the height of the great controversy Leffingwell appears on the platform of a COMFORT (Committee on Making further offers for a Russian Truce) rally at which a malign Senate demagogue expresses, to wild acclaim, the sense of the meeting with his peroration, "I would rather crawl on my belly to Moscow than die under an atom bomb!" It is this dastardly figure, now Leffingwell's welcome supporter, who is used by the President to destroy the decent Senator whose evidence could convict Leffingwell of duplicity. Yet presently, when the Russians land a delegation on the moon, the same President goes on television and radio to make a great speech of courage and resistance to all Soviet threats. As for the Senate Majority Leader who puts the blackmailing evidence into the President's hands (with an assist from a Supreme Court justice) – thus becoming accessory before the fact to the death by suicide of his friend Senator Anderson – why, the Majority Leader has a bad conscience and resigns; but he is forgiven and re-elected, apparently for his unswerving party loyalty!

Well, of course, the President's heart gives out shortly after his great speech. And because he is succeeded by a frustrated and rather stupid Vice-President who suddenly shows qualities of leadership, we are to suppose that justice is somehow done. But still better, the new President announces his intention of giving way at the end of the term to the Senator from Illinois who revenged Senator Anderson's death by securing the defeat of Leffingwell in the Senate! Thus is the Presidency of the United States handed down inviolate.

It is a bit frightening, even to a man who bears some political battle scars, to think of this moral quagmire as a bestseller and to see it reviewed as a masterpiece of political fiction that tells the truth about Washington. We already suffer from far too much popular suspicion of politics. It is time for someone to stand up and shout that a book like this is not a transcript of reality – it is a black lie. There has never been a President, even Harding, who stooped so low into the moral abyss. Senators do not blackmail each other and drive one another to suicide, and liberal Supreme Court justices do not offer them blackmail materials. The Presidency is not a block of mining

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Per word 52 times in one contract year	8c

NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth St. N.W., Wash. 6, D.C.

Printed by National Publishing Co., 301 N St., N.W., Washington 2, D. C.

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stock that gets passed around among Senators and bargained for by incumbents. Liberals are not people who are willing to do anything to pacify Moscow. And there have been no Leffingwells up for confirmation before the United States Senate.

Stuart Gerry Brown
Maxwell Professor of
American Civilization
Syracuse University

Keyserling On Inflation

Sirs:

The review by Robert Lekachman on September 21 of *Inflation – Cause and Cure*, a study for which I am primarily responsible, is generally favorable to the basic conclusions of the study. But the reviewer commits some serious errors in depicting the positions set forth in the study.

(1) The reviewer attributes to me the position that restrictive credit policy is the sole or main cause of recessions and of an inadequate rate of economic expansion, and he states that "monetary policy is only one of a number of forces which converge upon the economy." I have never taken the position ascribed. On pages 45-46 of the study, the cited policies contributing to low growth include the tight money policy, grossly inadequate Federal outlays, the contrived deflation of farm income, resistance to adequate expansion of minimum wage protection and social security, and undesirable price-profit-investment trends in the private economy.

(2) The reviewer says that "Mr. Keyserling does not fear the bold statement. Most economists would demand more evidence before agreeing that credit restriction leads to more inflation than credit expansion." This is a very careless *reductio ad absurdum* of my position. Manifestly, credit expansion could be so extreme as to cause serious inflation, or so restrictive as to cause serious deflation of both production and prices. My position is simply that the particular restrictive credit policy during recent years, in combination with other misdirected private and public economic policies, have led to recurrent periods of boom, stagnation, and recession, and that the average low rate of economic growth has yielded more average price inflation than would have resulted from policies (including a more liberal credit policy) conducive to a sustained and high rate of economic growth. The reviewer, accustomed to the unrefined classical formula that we should step on the credit brakes when inflation threatens, and step on the credit accelerator when recession threatens, may be excused for his difficulty in stating correctly my more discriminating analysis as applied to mixed situations which are neither all black nor all white. If a car is skidding, for example, slamming on the brakes may cause it to skid faster instead of stopping it; and sometimes the steering wheel can be used to better advantage than either brakes or the accelerator.

(3) The reviewer says that "few economists would subscribe to the theory that large companies will refrain from raising prices as high as they can during periods of economic expansion." On the contrary, a majority of the economists who have studied administered prices agree with me that in periods of boom these prices are not raised as high as they could be.

(4) The reviewer states that I do not make it clear what an "absolute economic recession" means. The study makes it clear in a number of places that an "absolute economic recession" means an absolute downturn in the gross national product (the most commonly accepted measure of the economy as a whole) in real terms, and that this situation is to be sharply distinguished from what I call a "recession from full employment and full production." The latter means a period when the gross national product is rising, but not rising rapidly enough to absorb the growth in technology and in the labor force, which means that the economy is losing ground by the test of economic growth even while it is still moving forward somewhat in absolute terms.

(5) The reviewer by implication classifies me among those economists who "would willingly sacrifice some price stability in exchange for higher investment and more rapid growth." This is Professor Slichter's position. But the whole theme of *Inflation – Cause and Cure* is that optimum economic growth is in the long run less price inflationary than a regular and low economic growth. It should not be implied that I favor more inflation to achieve more growth.

Leon H. Keyserling
Washington, D.C.

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1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, Gilbert A. Harrison, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Editor, Gilbert A. Harrison, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Managing Editor, Helen Fuller, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
Business manager, None.

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Harrison-Blaine, Inc., 233 Broadway, New York, New York.
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